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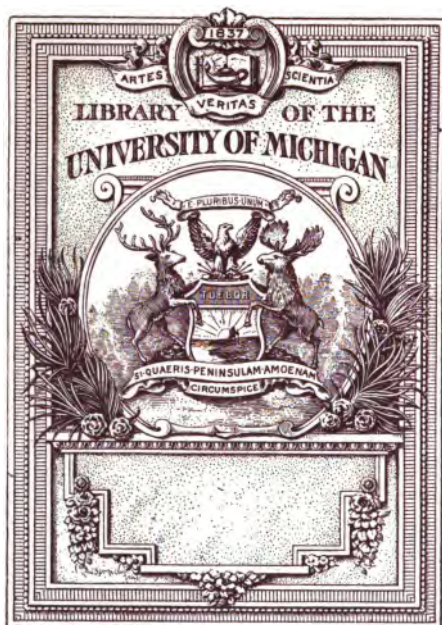
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LYRICS AND IDYLS

By

NELLIE C. T. HERBERT



Boston

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press

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To
My Daughter Gladys

186218

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LYRICS AND IDYLS

L' AURORE

THE mountain-top is touched with light, the vale
Lies yet in shadow, the full moon is pale,
The western wind sweeps over meadows green,
All fresh and dewy in their silvery sheen.

See! in the East the glorious orb of day
Arises to pursue his western way,
All things rejoice in Nature newly-born,
And tuneful songs of birds announce the morn.

She comes, Aurora comes, the fairest queen
Of light and beauty mortal ere hath seen,
Most radiant one; she who with rosy lips,
The sparkling dew of morning lightly sips.

From flower to flower goes she, just pausing
where
Is found the one to her of all most fair,
Awakes the morning-glory with a kiss,
And sets it all a-tremble with its bliss.

"Joy cometh in the morning," may it be
That hearts uplifted shall give thanks to Thee,
And struggle onward, to attain the height
Of day eternal, where there is no night.

MUSIC

THERE is a realm wherein 't is joy to dwell;
There do I flee when troubles o'er me roll,
Transported by the soft Æolian winds,
A happiness sublime swells o'er my soul.

Away from carking care and mundane things,—
Away from earth's base and ignoble strife,
To Euterpe's fair kingdom, where I breathe
An atmosphere of purer, sweeter life.

Her eight fair sisters oft do beckon me,
And woo me to them with a charming grace,
Yet ne'er can they prove rivals of the one,
To whom my heart leaps when I view her face.

O, loveliest muse of all, grant me this boon;
Wilt thou attune my days to a sweet song?
And when I bid farewell to time and tide,
May heavenly music bear my soul along.

TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY

DEAR pilgrim who so bravely traveled o'er
Thy long life journey, with staunch heart and
true,
As thou would'st be done by, so did'st thou do
To others, and so many burdens bore,
For those who bent beneath misfortune's load,
Along the hard and toilsome earthly road.

A friend to all, an enemy to none,
No man e'er harbored bitter thoughts of thee,
For thou wert kind and just, nobility
Of character was thine, and what was done,
By thee was rightly done and fairly won.

Yet in thy home the fairest fruits were seen,
And, there the sorrowing ones thou left behind,
Their sweetest solace and sole comfort find
In looking back, thinking what thou hast been
To them—they love to keep thy memory green.

And always as stretch on and on the years,
That memory will abide a potent guest,
An influence prompting us to do our best,
To live a life like thine, and all our tears
Be quenched in hope, thus banishing our fears.

We look beyond the veil, for well we know,
This separation 's short, and we shall be
With thee again for all eternity.
Earth's sorrows thus will small and smaller grow,
Until they fade, while utmost joy be given,
And re-united we shall dwell in heaven.

THE NEW MOON

OUTLINED against the darkling blue,
The little silver crescent hung;
Upon the serene Summer air,
The flowers their fragrance flung.

"Now make a wish," said Lillian,
For know you not whatever boon
That of the new moon you may ask,
It will be granted soon?

"O'er my right shoulder I can see
The silver gleam; good luck be mine,
My wish I'll make quite secretly,
That you may not divine."

He smiled upon her, as they stood
Beside the casement opened wide,
"I've made my wish," said he; "it is
That you may be my bride."

Lifting up her fair sweet face,
She looked at him with mock surprise.
"Why, that is what I wished!" she said,
The love-light in her eyes.

Ah, little moon—'twas thus you brought
Together loving hearts and true,
They might have drifted far apart,
Had it not been for you.

COURAGE

Dos't thou only see 'round thee a dreary and
desolate waste?
The cup that is thine seeming bitter and brackish
to taste?

Is the world filled with gloom--the blue of thy
sky over-cast?

Courage, weak heart, for surely light cometh at
last.

Does the rain-fall unceasing, the sobbing and
sough of the wind

Bring naught that is peaceful, but only despair to
thy mind?

Look up and beyond, let thy gaze pierce the
shadows that fall;

Duty ever is stern, but thou must respond to the
call.

Life may be hard, but try to look on the bright
side;

Raise the banner of Hope, and troubles may
thus be defied;

If we strife with our might it is all that we mor-
tals can do,

The dark clouds will part, and the sun's golden
rays will shine through.

Look forward, not back, the present and future
are thine;

Let thy watchword be courage, do not sit down
and repine;

Shed kindness around thee, 'though it may seem
all in vain,

Some day thou shalt know a returning, and list
to the sweetest refrain.

Then courage, dear heart, for others have been
tried as thou;
Keep a brave spirit, prepare thee to do battle
now;
Battle 'gainst evil and weakness, battle for truth
and the right,
All that now is in darkness shall one day be
plain to thy sight.

MORNING AT LAKE HOPATCONG

FAIR gleaming mirror on the mountain top,
Reflecting heaven's blue, the sunlight's ray,
And the surrounding peaks that lift their heads
Whereon the changeful lights and shadows play.

No roughening winds disturb thy tranquil calm.
A few white sails, like birds with outspread
wings,
Flit o'er thy surface; on the wooded shore
The thrush his joyful hymn of morning sings.

The wild flowers nod their dainty heads to greet
The welcome breeze, and gently to and fro
The delicate ferns wave; in profusion wild
The white and yellow bright-eyed daisies grow.

All Nature is harmoniously bright,
And, as I gaze, a wish has come to me:
As thou art now, unruffled, placid lake,
So may my life be typical of thee.

"'T IS IN MY MEMORY LOCKED"

TONIGHT the murmuring rain falls on the roof.
Alone I sit, and listen to the voice
Of the awakened past. I seem to be
Powerless to close my ears, I have no choice.

That evening when the moonlight flooded all,
And Summer sounds and perfumes filled the
air,
We looked together out upon the world,
And deemed that God had made it wondrous
fair.

And I was happy. What you uttered then
Found echo in my heart. You thought I
mocked;
'Twas but my joyousness; for what you said—
"'T is in my memory locked."

And then my laughter fled; for words like yours
Are deep and earnest; yet I answered nay—
A woman's nay! Perhaps; I cannot tell,
Instead of that I meant to answer "'Aye."

But you, with countenance downcast and pale,
Bade me farewell; and what you said to me
"'T is in my memory locked"; no one shall open
it
But you yourself; none other has the key.

ON RECEIVING VIOLETS IN WINTER

DEAR friend, to-day 'mid falling snow,
There came to me a breath of Spring,
And made me happy, so accept
My thanks for thy sweet offering.

Let storm and tempest rave without,
Encompassing me around with gloom,
Thy violets seem to smile at me,
And make a sunshine in the room.

And dreamingly my roving thoughts,
Go here and there, as when I trod
The sea beach strand with thee, or put
Beneath my feet the Summer sod.

Once the wild violets round us grew,
You picked them for me, they were sweet
With Love's own fragrance, and I thought
The precious moments all too fleet.

They faded, and I thought your love
Had faded too, but memory came,
And stirred my heart-strings when I heard
A voice that spoke the well known name.

And now these violets come to me,
Breathing remembrance, and I feel
My eyes are wet with happy tears,
Knowing my friend is still so leal.

VANQUISHED

IN mortal combat, Love and Reason met.

Quoth Love: "I will fight fairly, and I know
That I shall thus defeat thee." "As thou wilt,"

Replied cold Reason, as she drew her bow.

Fast flew the arrows, falling thick around

The beauteous form of Love. Undaunted he
Stood firm. And so, in anger, Reason frowned,
And quickly losing heart she turned to flee;

Then courage gaining she returned again,

And, with one fatal keenly barbed dart,
She pierced the heart of Love; he fell disarmed.
Powerless and stricken from the smart.

CONSOLATION

PALE Grief came in and dwelt with me.

I said, "Unbidden guest, thou art
Not welcome." Said she, "Verily
Thou and I will never part."

My head was bowed with weight of woe,

My heart was trembling with its fears,
I could not see the way to go,
So blinded were my eyes with tears.

And everything seemed mocking me,

The golden glory of the sun,
The singing birds and humming bee,
I wished the weary day were done.

When evening shades did softly fall,
I sat within my lonely room,
And seemed to hear a dear voice call
Gently to me through the gloom.

Grief fled away, e'en as to me
The message came that solace brought,
All sorrow vanished utterly,
For a diviner strain I caught.

It sweetly said, "Heart, be of cheer,
In paradise above the blue,
Where love perfected casts out fear,
I wait for you, I wait for you."

TO MADAME LEHMANN

GREAT queen of song, whose votaries at thy
shrine

Lay wreaths of laurel, well they do adorn
A woman's brow majestic, pure, like thine;
And, into waiting, listening ears, is borne

The magic of thy voice, so clear it rings;
And with such wondrous sweetness in each
tone,

It seems as if to us an angel sings,
And ceasing, leaves us feeling doubly lone.

A PHOTOGRAPH

THE bright sunlight falls through the pane
And crowns a portrait that my gaze
Rests on, and there comes to me
A memory of other days.

The time when first we met returns.
Again I hear old ocean's roar,
Again see sapphire waves and sky,
And foaming breakers on the shore.

All fades, and in my hand I hold
A photograph. Time was when I
Looked at it with a happy smile,
But now I view it with a sigh.

The size of a man's hand at first,
The cloud that came between us two;
So small 't was scarcely visible,
And then, ah me! it grew and grew,

Until it darkened everything,
Shrouded my happiness, and left
Me with a sharp, a sudden pain,
As one who's suddenly bereft.

So vividly do I recall
The grave dark eyes, the slow sweet smile,
The hair tossed from a forehead white,
The low, clear voice that did beguile.

Oh, fondly cherished portrait, you
Are all that's left me of that time—
You, and a feeling that I might
The name Regret to it assign.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR

THY golden lamp, low hanging in the west
Seems with a growing brilliancy to burn;
The lesser lights come shyly forth to wait
Upon thee, and where'er the eye doth turn,
It views innumerable twinkling orbs of light
Begemming the dark garments of the night.

Oh, world afar! Oh, wondrous radiant sphere!
Thou shinest upon earth effulgently.
What dost thou compass? What dost thou contain?
We long to solve thy hidden mystery;
But human vision cannot read aright,
For here we walk by faith, and not by sight.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

AROUND me is the golden summertide,
The dulcet bird-songs, and the scent of flowers;
My thirsty spirit drinks the beauty in,
The restful beauty of the halcyon hours.

I look up toward the deep empyrean blue
And feel an inmost thrill of pure delight,
The while a radiant day-dream visits me
And many fancies beautiful and bright.

Unheeded falls my book, as thus I muse;
Before me comes a face, its beauty rare,
And half unconsciously, I breathe a name
Upon the balmy incense of the air.

As falls the gentle dew upon the flowers,
So doth the dew of happiness impart
Revivifying strength; and I am glad,
Because it's summer now within my heart.

A VOICE IN CHURCH

ALONG the vaulted aisles there floated slowly
The low clear tones; they seemed like a caress,
Resolving all my doubt, and care, and longing,
Into a perfect sense of blessedness.

Then louder, clearer, higher, soaring upward,
Rang out the pæan of the wondrous song,
Until it seemed my very soul uplifted,
And toward the heavenly realm was borne
along.

And as I heard "The lark at heaven's gate,"
And the organ's diapason deep and grand,
I thought, the cloud o'er us will roll away,
And in the future we shall understand.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

TO W. H. C.

ALTHOUGH no more thy visible form may come,
No more the light of thine eyes gladden me,
No more to utter, "May the year that dawns
Bring fullest joy and happiness to thee."

Although thou'rt passed beyond my pleading
voice,
Still I may wish a glad and happy year
To thee, knowing it shall be realized
In heaven, where now thou art, O friend most
dear.

Why should I grieve? On thee will no more beat
The storms of life; thou art but gone before
Into that world where I shall hope to meet
And greet thee when my earthly life is o'er.

Now through my falling tears a rainbow bright,
With hope divine and promise doth appear,
And looking upward toward its radiant light,
I wish for thee the happiest New Year.

IN AUTUMN

AGAINST the hazy amethystine blue
The birds fly southward. A bright vista seems
The winding road; beyond the river gleams,
Between o'er-arching trees of gorgeous hue.

Ye days rich with a glowing affluence!
O'erflowing with a prodigality
Of beauty, and around us we may see
What most delights our highest, noblest sense.

The keen elixir of the atmosphere
Is like a draught that strengthens, satisfies,
Nature's caressing touch on the tired spirit lies,
She breathes a benediction in the ear.

Dwell long in memory's treasure-house fair scene
Let us store sunshine for the winter time;
Thus shall we live in an enchanted clime,
And life itself be like a happy dream.

BON VOYAGE

ACROSS the pathless ocean sails
The ship, and toward the Old World's shore
She bears thee onward. May the gales
Be favoring ones that waft thee o'er.

New scenes await thee to unfold
Their treasured riches to thy gaze,
And veins of unexplored gold,
Will brighten unfamiliar ways.

So bon voyage! Whate'er thy fate,
Take my best wishes for thy weal,
And friendship's trust inviolate
Shall prove what I cannot reveal.

A NIGHT SONG

SLEEP, dear one, sleep, for the day-time is gone.
Rest thee in peace till the new day shall dawn.
Without, softly murmurs the sweet Summer
breeze,
Stealing through woodlands, caressing the trees.
Sleep.

Day and its cares are forgotten in dreams.
May thine be bright as the silver moonbeams.
Visions of happiness to thee appear,
Dream-thoughts of those whom thou holdest
most dear.
Sleep.

In slumberland's realm may my image to thee
Be borne on the wings of a fair fantasy,
And the memory linger with thee, finding place
In that true heart of thine where naught can
efface.

Sleep.

When I am with thee I seem but afar;
Thou art to me as a glimmering star.
Light of my life, be thou evermore blest,
Glad be thy waking and calm be thy rest.
Sleep.

A GRAY DAY

LIKE thick curtain folds that are opaque,
And from the earth shut out the warming rays
Of Phœbus, so the somberness doth make
All neutral-tinted, one of those quiet days,
When Nature in her Quaker garb arrays
Herself. A day that doth awake
The minor chords; all silent through the hours
That were so golden bright and crowned with
flowers.

But now this fading Autumn time is fraught
With neither pain nor pleasure; unexpressed
Must be the feeling which descends unsought,
A feeling half of peace, and half unrest
Finds an abiding place within the breast,
As if some gentle spirit hand had wrought
A subtle change in Nature; and in man,
A touch of mystery since the world began.

AS I SAW HER

TO THE MEMORY OF G. W. G.

My fancy paints her as I saw her first,
Fair, young, with brow of sweet serenity;
A bud that into rose had not yet burst,
A spirit brimming o'er with buoyancy.

Eyes blue as heaven reflecting every mood
So changeful, red lips curving into smiles,
The sweet seductive smiles of gay girlhood,
With many innocent and charming wiles.

A little queen of hearts we ever said,
Acknowledging her scepter and her sway;
And when love came and crowned the brown-
tressed head,
We wished the new life might be joy alway.

O short-lived joy, O withering, withering blight
Of cruel death that crushed so fair a flower.
It was a sudden shrouding of the light,
It was a sudden weakening of love's power.

In dreams she comes to me as once she came,
And kisses me, and puts her hand in mine;
Her face the same appears, yet not the same;
It wears a look of heaven-rapt, divine.

Ah friend, dear little friend of long ago,
Thy gentle spirit thus re-visits me,
As if thou knowest that I loved thee so,
And that I cherish thy dear memory.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

PEEPING from a leafy bed,
Reaching up its dainty head,
Is a tender bell-shaped flower,
Part of Summer's royal dower.

As I pick it, unto me,
Despite its fragility,
Comes a fragrance subtly fine,
Incense that is half divine.

Thus the soul from earth set free,
Clothed anew with purity,
Rests not in the darksome sod,
But upward goes to dwell with God.

TO A LADY POURING TEA

Cozy nook in charming room,
Lamp-light falling rosily,
Flowers exhaling their perfume,
And a lady pouring tea.

She has lovely face and form,
Sit I here admiringly,
Thinking what a power to charm
Has the lady pouring tea.

Deep-hued violet eyes alight,
And a half smile on the lips,
Shapely small hands ringed and white,
With pink polished finger tips.

Hands to toy with Sevres and
Objects dainty, rich and rare,
Hast thou not at thy command
Many treasures, lady fair?

Goddess of the fireside thou,
An enchantress verily;
This that I am drinking now
Is ambrosia served by thee.

CONSTANCY

TIME sheds his blight o'er all, and yet,
Though face and form may know a change,
This heart time never will estrange
From thee, and I will ne'er forget.

Seasons may wax and wane, and lives
Drift far apart; naught can sustain
Love's fluttering, weak, uncertain flame,
Although one vainly, vainly strives.

As leaves are parted in the stream
Divided by the restless flood,
Alone I stand where once I stood
With thee; the past seems like a dream.

The murmuring of the little rill
The bird songs and the ferny glade,
That glad June day 'neath fragrant shade,
We felt the beauty with a thrill.

The roses that we picked are dead;
I kept one little withered spray,
In memory of a happy day.
Do you remember what was said ?

Now gray and cheerless are the skies,
And gazing on the wintry scene
I think what is, and what has been,
Until the tears o'erflow my eyes.

Ah! sometimes give a thought to me,
Do not obliterate the past.
For, love, as long as life shall last,
So shall endure my constancy.

THE LORLEY

THE rayless night broke o'er the main,
To mountainous heights the black waves leapt,
And still the staunch ship onward plunged,
Still bravely on her way she kept.

The captain's voice rang out above
The clamor of the storm and sea,
"Courage, my mates! a light, a light!
To night in shelter you shall be."

On gallant ship! On Galatea!
And guide us to yon haven bright.
Brave hearts have we and courage high,
And joy shall be with us to night.

The ray grew brighter. Hark, oh, hark!
Whence came the sound of music ringing?
And plainly now above the storm
Was heard a sweet voice clearly singing.

Entrancèd were the weary crew,
For by the lightning's vivid glare,
They saw a vision. On a rock
Reclined a woman wondrous fair.

Her golden tresses rippled down
About a form of perfect mould.
Her face was strangely beautiful,
A fatal beauty, white and cold.

And ever and anon she sang,
"Oh, come to me, Oh, come to me!"
She held above her head a torch
Of quenchless power and brilliancy.

On came the ship, and all around
The mighty sea-wind moaned and roared.
Against the rocks the Galatea
Went down with forty souls on board.

A last despairing cry arose,
A fearful cry, then all was still,
Still save the sound of laughter wild,
The Lorley's laughter, loud and shrill.

Ah, Lorley, cruel to thus enchain
Those who were noble, true and brave!
But triumph not. Above, their souls
Live on; they are not 'neath the wave.

A SONG

IN the morning when Aurora
Fills the world with rosy light,
When the touch of her pink fingers
Banishes the gloom of night,
Then as forth I go, and wander
Through the wood and o'er the lea,
Ever are my fond thoughts turning,
Ever turning, love, to thee.

At midday when golden sunshine
Floods all Nature with a part
Of the warmth that is within her,
Clinging close around my heart,
In a shady nook reclining,
Far away my thoughts will be,
For they're turning ever fondly,
Always fondly, love, to thee.

When the day is past, and twilight
Softly doth the earth enfold,
When fair Luna rises slowly,
With a beauty chaste and cold,
Then my thoughts find wings, and swiftly
As the bird flies, light and free,
Do they fly to thee and linger
Ever fondly, love, with thee.

E'en in dreams my spirit wanders
In a world where thou art King,
And in fancy I am with thee,
While the joy-bells softly ring.
Let me dream on, if in dreaming
There's such happiness for me,
For I long to be beside thee,
Always, ever, love, with thee.

TO MISS R——

O FAIREST type of woman, thou canst claim
Justly, the name of woman; thine the aim
To elevate thine art, ever to be
Interpreter of its nobility.

The ice that masks true feeling melts the while;
Thy tear and smile draw kindred tear and smile;
We yield thee homage and we crown thee queen
Of glittering realm and warmest-hued demesne.

DIVIDED

O GULF immeasurably deep and wide,
And shall despair alway with me abide?
Beneath the shadow of her raven wing
Shall I walk with unceasing sorrowing?

O gulf affixed by fate, I cannot cross
Thy boundaries: I can but count the loss
Of time that keeps me still a prisoner here,
While on the other side is one so dear.

My outstretched hands are empty, and my heart
Is empty too, since we are far apart.
The night descends and finds me lingering here,
While memories of the past are clustering near.

Is this forever? Yea unto the end!
Then Heaven unto me thy pity lend;
Let thy sweet comfort soothe me, pray thee give
Me strength to walk alone, and strength to live.

For courage fails, and hearts are strangely weak.
One face doth gleam, one voice alone doth speak
Throughout my days; and lonely vigils keep
I in the nights, when thought doth banish sleep.

Be silent, troubled spirit! Thou must make
No moan, no sign, although the tired heart break
This is thy portion, yet the cup withal
Holds still a sweetness mingled with the gall.

A memory is not much to fill a life;
Remembrance of a look, a smile 't is rife
With keen regret; but whatsoe'er betide
On this, may light shine on the other side.

A YACHTING SONG

WE are speeding along
In the sibilant, strong
Sweep of the western wind.
Oh, the ecstasy,
As with hearts so free,
We leave dull care behind.

Blue skies are o'er us,
Smooth waters before us,
Bright in the sunlight's ray,
And out, far out,
Gay pennons float,
And herald our joyous way.

In this wine, sparkling clear,
I pledge you, ma chère!
May your cares be as light as its foam,
And vanish as quickly,
May blessings fall thickly
On you wherever you roam.

These friends with us? Oh, yes;
May they have happiness,
And it will be theirs I ween;

But you know that to you
My fealty is due,
For you are my little queen.

So I shall look back,
O'er memory's track,
To this day when we together
Felt the briny spray,
As we sailed away
In the lovely summer weather.

TO SLEEP

WAVE over fevered brows thy cooling wand,
Anoint tired eyelids with a grateful balm,
Disquiet thoughts exchange for those of calm,
Let all fierce earthly passions that were fanned
To flame, be exorcised by thee, and banned,
And only the benison of perfect peace
Visit the spirit with a sweet release.
Oh, boon above computing, panacea
For aching hearts, the way that seemeth drear
Shall be forgot, and over earthly woes,
Shall fall God's precious gift to man—repose

AT GLEN ONOKO

FAR from the madding crowd, the haunts of
men,
'Mid mountains that uprise to lofty heights,
The potent witchery of this lovely glen
Conduces to our fancy's fairest flights.

As we ascend the steep and winding ways,
Where battlements of rock o'erarch the head,
Unfolded to our fascinated gaze,
Visions of beauty constantly are spread.

Changing with every turn they lead us on,
Through ferny, mossy grottos, past ravines,
Where lingeringly we pause, loth to be gone
From the enchantment of such lovely scenes.

And look! far up from yonder summit fall
Creamy cascades of water; gleefully
We seem to hear a voice like music call:
"Come, follow where I lead; come, follow
me."

Adown the tortuous way they foam and roar,
Now lost to sight, again, they seem to spring
Forth from the rugged rocks; and, leaping o'er
They dash and curve in sportive eddying.

Ah! standing on the summit, we behold
A view extended spread before our eyes.
A rapture falls that, unexpressed, untold,
We only feel, for it all words defies.

AN EVENING IN AUGUST

ALL the hours of day are fled,
Gorgeous banners, gold and red,
Hang against the western sky,
Emblems of heavenly royalty.
Tender silence broods o'er all,
Broken by a sweet bird-call
To its mate and the reply
Is a soft, low melody.
Now the tints that were so bright
Fade into the calm twilight,
And the fragrant dusk is full
Of sounds, that imperceptible
Are to careless ears, but list.
Thou shalt hear what they have missed.
Chirp of cricket — mystic whir—
All the life, and breath, and stir,
Of the insect world wherein
The nightly chorus doth begin,
While 'mid branches safely hid
Persistently calls Katydid.
Then antagonistic cry
Katydidn't makes reply.
Stars climb up the night-draped skies,
Swaying lights of the fireflies
Merrily dance, through copse, o'er lawn
Till their lamps pale in the dawn.
Nature's acclamations ring
Out in gladsome thanksgiving.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS

"PANSIES for thoughts, dear love," said he,
And laid them in her small, white hand;
"Whether on sea or on the land,
My thoughts shall ever be of thee."

She placed the flowers upon her breast,
As if to garnish thus the shrine
Of her heart's temple. "Joy be mine,"
She said, "No one was e'er so blest."

But when the Summer 'gan to wane,
Her young cheek lost its whilom red,
For happiness took wings and fled,
And into life fell sorrow's rain.

At last the true heart ceased to beat.
One far away heard she had died.
"My punishment is great," he cried;
"Ah me, ah me, those days were sweet."

And then the words she traced he read,
They came to him with flowers she pressed
And which had lain upon her breast,
"Pansies for thoughts," they only said.

THE STORM

WHAT a deep hush broods o'er everything!
Even yon robin has ceased to sing,
Scarce beats the heart of nature; overhead
Roll the black clouds; the sun has vanishèd.

And now upon the expectant air there comes
A lingering sound, like muffled roar of drums,
And suddenly a yellow shaft of light,
With vivid flashing, makes the darkness bright.

Then the reverberating echoes fall
Nearer and nearer, while the sable pall
Drops down o'er earth, with fork-like flash on
flash,
And peal on peal the elements loud clash.

In the stormy conflict there's no dearth
Of grandeur; and, upon the waiting earth
The rain down-pouring wingèd in its flight.
Ere long gives place to western gleams of light.

The sun bursts forth, his golden beams do crown
A freshened world. The lowering, darksome
frown
That did obscure the blue has fled, the while,
And now we dwell 'neath heaven's gracious
smile.

ENTHRONED

'A HEAD that wears a crown uneasy lies,"
I've often heard, and yet full well I know
That in the saying lieth sophistries,
And I am sure that I can prove them so.

For on my head there rests a golden crown,
Yet peaceful are my dreams, and, oh, how
fair!
A cloud of roseate joy doth me enfold,
And far away are all the mists of care.

Although I am so happy and so blest;
My kingdom is not large; I can but bring
Forward one subject true, and it is best
That I should make that loyal one my king.

And thus together hand in hand go we,
Adown the vale of life, no more to part;
I breathe a prayer, thus may it ever be,
That I may rest enthroned within a heart.

A WRITTEN CONFESSION

UNTIL I looked within thine eyes
I knew not love, for I had dwelt
In ignorance; I had not felt
That rich, heart-quickenng surprise
Which love gives, casting off disguise;
And now I cannot tell which is

Most powerful, sweet love or pain.
Perchance the loss outweighs the gain,
And yet I know I would not miss
This rhapsody and new-born bliss.

I love thee, oh, I love thee, though
The secret's locked within my breast
To none, not even thee, confessed.
But here I write I love thee so.
Ah, I have seen thy dark eyes glow
When thou did'st speak, and my soul, thrilled
With feeling that would not be stilled,

And answering thee scarce did I dare
Lift up mine eyes, lest written there
Thou should'st read all; the world is filled
With thee and sweetness is distilled.
Content am I, it may not be
That thou should'st ever care for me,
Yet whatsoever is, is right
Since thou hast made my world so bright.

BESIDE THE SEA

I FEEL the breath of ocean on my brow,
The crested waves come rippling to my feet;
I hear the mighty rhythm as they roar,
And then it dies away in murmurings sweet.

Before my vision lies the sea's domain;
It stretches vast and wide; and it appears
As smooth and calm beneath the cloudless
heaven
As a fair face unmarred by bitter tears.

The snowy sails glide on; old ocean wears
A smiling mood, and ever and anon
The osprey swoops to lave her silvery wing,
And then flies swiftly onward and is gone.

O wondrous flood forever rolling on,
Illimitable in thy sublimity,
I love thee, and withal I fear thee, too,
For thou art sometimes very cruel, O sea.

MY DREAM

AWAY fair dream; too frail at best
To bide with me. So leave me, lest
My life shall be all thine, and so,
Although I weep, I bid thee go.

Life is too vast, too brief its span,
For vain regret to bless or ban.
Fate follows fast, and yet, it seems,
The fairest things we know are dreams

A last adieu to thee, fond vision,
Foretaste thou of life Elysian:

Long I enshrined thee in my heart,
The time has come—thou must depart.

What, lingering still? Wilt thou not heed
My prayers and must I vainly plead?
To Lethe's stream hie thou apace,
And let me wake from thy embrace.

'Tis vain—thou wilt not leave my side,
So I will smile and cease to chide.
For, after all, it would not be
Complete content did I lack thee.

Naught but a dream, and yet the power
Is thine to comfort when clouds lower.
Ah, sweetest dream, fairest ideal,
Haply thou 'lt merge into the real.

TO MADAME ADELINA PATTI

THOU matchless one, the fairies at thy birth
Gave thee good gifts, beauty of form and face,
A personality of 'witching grace,
Wherewith to charm the denizens of earth,
But far surpassing all the other gifts
Is that great talent which is heaven-born,
And which is thine; yes; far above Life's storm
Our souls a melody divine uplifts.
Patti, thy name evokes a charmed spell,

And, listening to those sweetest liquid notes,
We're held in rapture's deepest trance; there
floats
To the awakened sense what seems to tell
Of rare enchantment; we do not belong
To earth, but rather to a higher sphere,
Where like the mist all sorrows disappear,
And joy upriseth 'neath thy perfect song.

CONTRAST

A YEAR ago, ah me! A year ago,
The sun shone warmer than it does today,
And gladly, gayly, welcomed I the May;
The bird trilled forth its merry roundelay,
And all seemed very bright. Why was it so
A year ago?

A year ago love all things glorified,
For thou wast in the world; and so I went
Along with flowers in my path, content
And thankful for the boon from heaven sent,
Delight was mine; but then thou hadst not died,
A year ago.

And now my heart is lonely and oppressed.
There seems a shadow over everything;
Nothing e'ermore can comfort to me bring;
I only weep when feathered songsters sing,
And looking back, remember I was blest
A year ago.

IN THE CATSKILLS

AROUND, above, God's wondrous power
Is visible; imprint of man's hand
Cannot be found, and mountains tower
Peak on peak, sublime and grand.

What in the vast immensity
Of distance seems a silver thread?
The Hudson onward to the sea
Moving with stately, silent tread

Below as far as eye can reach,
Nature's fair panorama lies,
Refreshing with its restful calm,
And bidding nobler thoughts arise.

For grandeur such as this uplifts
Our souls; we scale Parnassus' height
In fancy, and thus lingering there,
Satisfy our ambition's flight.

The sun behind Mount Hunter now
Is sinking fast; and on its bold
And massive head the king of peaks
Bears proudly a bright crown of gold.

And myriad rainbow clouds assume
Fantastic shapes; they seem to wear
A semblance to bright scarfs that with
The twilight fade and disappear.

Night draws her mantle o'er the scene,
The eagle seeks his eyrie nest;
Only the glimmering stars keep watch
Above a world now hushed to rest.

WHEN SWALLOWS FLIT

The sun's bright rays seem growing cold,
And mountains change to red and gold;
O'er barren meadows, sere and brown,
The night falls swiftly, softly down,
The while the wind a requiem sighs,
Because the Summer sadly dies,
When swallows flit,

Gone are the days so warm and bright,
When life was filled with calm delight
That golden time when you and I
Together walked 'neath bluest sky.
Alas! those days come not again
For Summer days are on the wane,
When swallows flit.

Now vanished are the sunset hues,
And thickly fall autumnal dews.
Heard from afar the owl's weird cry
Sounds like a dismal prophecy.
In loneliness I long for thee—
Oh, come to me, and comfort me,
When swallows flit.

THE "BUD" OF EIGHTY-EIGHT

I' ve heard that th' belles of long ago
Were captivating girls.
In gowns of stiff brocade, their heads
A shimmering mass of curls.

Those who lived in the "good old days"
To me may vainly prate
Of beauty, for I'm loyal still
To the "bud" of eighty-eight.

A true embodiment she is
Of beauty, style, and grace.
A softened radiance seems to fall
From the light of her fair face.

She's charming from her little head
To her patent-leather boots;
She's clever too; a fallacy thus
She shows that she refutes.

For cleverness and beauty may
Be found in one fair frame,
And so I sing of loveliness,
And my undying flame.

And if some happy day may dawn
When she will be my fate,
Ah, then I'll bless my darling girl,
The "bud" of eighty-eight!

HELPLESSNESS

Look out upon the world, dost thou not see
Those human beings needing thy kind aid?
Those desolate ones whom God hath also
made,
And who seem doomed to earthly misery;
Withhold not thou thy helpful sympathy.
Stretch forth thy strong hand, feeling unafraid
To clasp a weak one; let there not be laid
At thy door the reproach, here, he or she
Dwelleth, and hath never yet repaid
The debt owed unto God, whose loving care
Is over all His creatures, though it seem
As 't were withdrawn from some, so do thou
bear
The burden for them; making gladness beam
Upon their way, and quelling dark despair.

TO A BLUEBIRD

WHITHER dost thou go on thy rapid wing?
My eye can scarce measure thy flight,
As thou skimkest along; I have heard thee sing,
I have seen thy plumage bright,
And I felt with a thrill that thou wert a thing
Delighting the ear and the sight.

I fain would keep thee close to my hand,
So whither so swiftly away?

Art thou bound for a brighter and sunnier land?
Wilt thou warble a blither lay
To those that inhabit that country? And
Wilt thou not return here some day?

Ah, yes, well I know when the young crocus
peeps
Up her head to announce that fair Spring
Is coming, soon coming, despite that she sleeps
In old Winter's arms yet, thou wilt bring
Assurance to us that the Spring only keeps
Out of sight till she hears thee sing.

MUTABILITY

OFt, as we lift our eyes toward heaven's blue,
And think how bright, how fair the pure
dome is,
We feel an inmost thrill of happiness
At so much beauty; radiant sunlight, too,
Falls on us as we gaze, then gradually
There creep grey-tinted clouds, quite blot-
ting out
The brightness, and then, all mournfully,
We find a pall above us—round—about.

'Tis thus in life's most fragrant-blooming hour,
When hearts are bounding free with glad-
someness,
And God, and Nature, all things seem to
bless.

There comes a cruel change; an awful power
Holds us in firmest grasp; do what we may
We cannot but submit; all murmuring breath
Is stilled; our strength naught on that dark-
some day,
When cometh that great fell destroyer, Death.

ASPIRATION

FAR up the heights I gaze with longing eyes;
I fain would rise glad, fetterless and free;
Would banish every cloud that o'er me lies,
And in the light live in an ecstasy.

Alas! 't is but the soul's aspiring dream,
And in the valley's mist I still remain.
I cannot gain the summit where doth gleam
The star of happiness, whence that ray came.

To fame, contentment, and a noble life,
I meet these guide boards as I press along,
Then turn aside, so weary with the strife
That tears close follow in the wake of song.

But courage, rise, and make one effort more
To reach the goal with oft-renewing zest.
Be not content to give the battle o'er,
But bravely strive, e'en till the final rest

TO MY FRIEND

THY noble face lives in my memory,
And ever it possesses charm for me
Above all others; features finely wrought,
And eyes of deep blue and of soulful thought.
The hand of time upon thy wavy hair
Has left its signet, and the touch of care
Is on thy broad, white brow; yet finer face
'T were not within an artist's power to trace.
That stately form of thine, majestic—grand—
Thou art indeed as one born to command.
The deep-toned music of thy voice to me
Is like the sound of a sweet harmony.
Oh, happy I, that I may call thee friend;
To thee alway may Heaven its blessings send.

WHY

WHY is the sky a deeper blue?
Why does the sun throw warmer rays?
Why is the world more fair to view?
Whence comes the guerdon for my days?
I'll tell you why,
It is, you see,
That I love you,
And you love me.

Why does life's pathway seem so bright?
The lovely flowers that now we cull

Seem sweeter far, and to the sight
Wear hues that are more beautiful.
This—this is why,
'T is plain to see,
For I love you,
And you love me.

Why do the birds pour forth their songs
In music that doth charm the ear?
Such melody to Heaven belongs,
It ne'er before was half so clear.
The reason why
'T is thus to me,
Is, love makes
Sweetest melody.

My heart, why filled with such delight?
Why do earth's blessings seem fourfold?
Because transfigured by love's might
The secret I at last have told—
That I love you,
And you love me,
So that is why
I'm glad, you see.

RONDEL

When Ethel sings,
A rapt expectancy thrills through my heart;
And so I sit and listen to an art
Most glorious. What waves of melody

Fall on my ears! What power in that high B,
When Ethel sings!

When Ethel sings,
I turn her music, and I turn away,
To break, perchance, the force of that shrill A,
And as, with frantic gasps, she reaches C,
I cannot longer stay. I turn and flee,
When Ethel sings!

TO THE RARITAN RIVER

RIVERS famed in rhyme and story,
Not of these I sing my song;
But to one clear little streamlet,
Flowing peacefully along,
Winding through the verdant meadows,
Whereon graze the patient kine,
Past the angler, thus inviting
Him to throw his tempting line.

Since my childhood I have watched thee,
And have known thy every mood.
In the summer, sunny, smiling.
In the winter when the rude
North wind sweeps adown the valley,
Thou wert ice bound, till the spring
Came to give thee back the freedom
To pursue thy wandering.

And, although I've gone far from thee
Many times while I did roam,
Memory turning toward thee fondly
Brought a vision of my home.
On thy bank reposing calmly
'Neath the shade of noble trees
Is the house surrounded ever
By the fondest memories.

Clouds of darkness sometimes gather,
But the sunshine lingers near,
Ah! I pray that in the future
It may give its warmth and cheer.
So I watch thy radiant sparkle,
And thy flowing, gentle stream,
See the sunset's golden glory,
And thy clear reflected gleam,
Hoping that the cold, dark river
I must cross one day may be
Changed to brightness, bearing onward
My soul to eternity.

BIG AND LITTLE FISHES

IN pearly depths, 'neath crested wave
The little fishes gaily sport.
Alas! we know that naught can save
Their little lives that are so short.

For if some angler does not catch
Them on his cruel hook of steel,
A big fish comes with quick despatch,
And of the small one makes a meal.

'T is thus in life's uncertain sea,
Where all are struggling for the bait;
The big and powerful greedily
Eat up the small, — ah, wretched fate!

LOVE'S DEMISE

SWEET love is dead, come let us gaze
On his cold corpse; bright were the bays
We twined about his brow, when days
Were happier ones than now we see,
Ah! bitter-sweet is memory.

Come back, come back, we vainly cry,
Thou wert too fair, too dear, to die,
But only echo makes reply,
And, mockingly, it smites the ear,
Too fair to die, too dear, too dear.

CONFIDENCE

I WHISPERED thy name to the rose,
In fragrance it blossomed anew,
Its petals did softly uncloze,
And fairer became to my view.

I breathed thy name into the night,
When the rest of the world was asleep,
And the heavens became all alight,
While the silence was mystic and deep.

I said to the west wind, "Now go,
Fan softly the brow that I love,
Take a message and whisper it low
And its magic all care will remove."

As I listened there suddenly came
To my ear the sweet song of a bird,
The burden of which was thy name,
The sweetest song ever I heard.

VISIONS IN A DREAM

*"For He shall give His angels charge over
thee to keep thee in all thy ways.—Psalm 91,
verse 11.*

YE fairy sprites that gather smilingly,
And hold out hands that ever would I take
In mine, but, as the wish possesseth me,
And striving thus to reach them, I awake.

I cannot think that ye are phantom shapes
That come to mock me with my earthliness;
Nay, rather are ye spirits of loved ones,
Coming to soothe and bless.

Lightening the darkness as they hover near,
With faces that a heavenly brightness wear,
Beholding them, I feel that I am safe
Within their sheltering care.

These may be dreams, but they are blissful ones,
And often waking is awake to pain.
Ah! guardian angels watch me through the day,
And visit me again.

IN FLORA'S BOWER

SHUTTING me in, all, all is full
Of beauty inexhaustible.
On emerald background thick besprent
Are colors most divinely blent.

Uplift thy head, queen rose, and greet
Me with a welcome subtly sweet.
Thou wear'st a proud and haughty mien,
But other beauties here are seen
That almost rival thee. Here's one
As sweet as thou; thy lover, sun,
Caresses it as warmly, too,
And the refreshing silver dew
Bathes it each e'en; thou must not shrink
From thy fair friend, carnation pink.

Lily, thy pure pale face upraise,
To meet the guerdon of my praise;
Indeed, thou, too, art passing fair,
And, in the warm and tremulous air
Thou holdest high thy head; perchance
There is disdain within thy glance.
Enshrine not envy, thou must be
Ever an emblem of purity.

In pansy's little bright-eyed face
A cheery welcome I can trace.
To me, thou art as dear as these
Thy friends, and art well named heart's-ease.
Here's heliotrope and mignonette,
Balm for life's sordid toil and fret.
Each floweret blooming in this place
Wears a seductive, glowing grace,
While I, in Summer's sunny hour,
Find happiness in Flora's bower.

CON AMÒRE

AH! draw me not, eyes in whose limpid wells
Lies that 'gainst which I've vainly, vainly
fought;
Release me from thy magnetism, lest
I helpless become dizzy and distraught.

Cease torturing me, sweet voice whose music's
tone
Re-echoes in my ears; makes me desire

The presence of the beloved one alone,
Who lighted in my heart this quenchless fire.

Bound as a slave, yes, bound about by love,
I cannot break its fetters, nor will I
Hope e'er to make escape, so willingly,
And for love's sake, love's sweetest sake, I die.

E'en heaven would not be blissful without thee,
And so, tho' we are disunited here,
Dearest, farewell! I'll pray that we may meet,
And dwell together in some brighter sphere.

LIFE AND DEATH

I SET mine eyes upon a certain star,
As o'er the foaming billows my bark sailed;
I heard the moaning of the harbor bar,
And saw the star at which I gazed had paled.

The wind blew keen and cold; it chilled me
through.

The star grew fainter, dimmer, vanished quite,
While 'round the tempest raged, and deeper grew
The gloomy, purple shadows of the night.

So dark, so cold, will this long night e'er pass?
My heart e'en trembles with its weight of woe;
If this be life, our earthly life — Alas!
Loose, loose thy chains, and let thy prisoner go.

But see! A gleam, my star has come again,
And like a jewel it hangs in Heaven's dome.
Joy fills my heart, farewell all doubt and pain,
There opens wide the portal of my home.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

By flowery meads, in knee-deep blooms,
I walk; deep joy and peace I feel;
I breathe an air of soft perfumes,
With happiness my senses reel.

I waken with a start of fright,
From dreaming in an ideal world;
For see! the real dawns on my sight,
The flag of duty is unfurled.

A WOODLAND REVERY

Here, where the nymphs and dryads their joyful
festas keep,
Their whispering through the trees making
sluggish pulses leap;
Here, where is barred from entering the burning
rays of the sun,
Is rest for the storm-tossed spirit, and hither it
may come.

Close by the silvery brook is heard a quiet song,
A peaceful song of beauty it chanteth all day long;

The music sinking deep in the depths of the
human heart,
Soothing its troubled longings, and healing its
bitter smart.

Shut in from the busy world where stormy
passions sweep,
And eyes that close in slumber wake again to
weep;
Here in the depth of the woodland, here in a ferny
bower,
Perchance is the secret of beauty, the never-
fading flower.

For the flower of contentment is sought by every-
one in the world,
The lovely rose of happiness by bright dewdrops
impearled;
'Tis not in the haunts of men we find it; nay, it
seems
Sometimes that it is a phantom, a vision of our
dreams.

But now 'midst the birds and ferns, deep in this
woodland dell,
The rippling cadence falls like a soft-toned silver
bell;
And a peacefulness descends with a joy that
seems to be
All powerful to make us satisfied, glad and free.

A MESSAGE

You know fate decreed we should part,
And you said, in that fair long ago,
That my image would go forth with you
Out into the world; was it so?

You told me if ever there came
Temptation to lead you astray,
You would think of my words and would feel
My influence round your pathway.

For I should be thinking of you,
This I told you, and hoping to hear
That your life was both noble and true,
And the page kept unsullied and clear.

Perchance you've forgotten it all,
Yet this one thing I know; when they say
You bear a good name, I rejoice,
And rejoicing I think of that day.

If my hand-clasp had aught that would lead
You on in the right, I am glad,
And the thought that it may e'en be so,
Disperses the clouds when I'm sad.

The chord of true friendship is strong,
Not weakened by absence, I'm sure,
So 't is thus that I send you this song,
To tell you my faith will endure.

TO PADEREWSKI

THY master-hand that swept the keys
Brought forth sublimest melodies;
In an ecstatic state we heard
Those sounds which all our being stirred,
And, in the tones that came to life,
Beneath thy touch, were those that rife
With melancholy music fell,
And sad expression, like the knell
Of hopes departed; to our eyes,
We felt unbidden tears arise.

Again, a rippling cadence sprang
To life, as if a glad voice sang
Of hope and happiness, and blent
With our delighted wonderment.
A wondrous symphony we caught
Created an exalted thought,
Life seemed to us a grander thing
And heaven itself it seemed to bring
Nearer; for such is music's power,
And such thy noble, precious dower.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

As if to comfort us for joys now fled
With Summer's flitting, and to make amends,
The beauty of the flower of Autumn lends
Its winsomeness, and gayly lifts its head.

Bright flowers that come to solace and to cheer,
When other blossoms by the frosty breath
Of Autumn fade, and are laid low in death,
We welcome thee whene'er thou dost appear.

TO PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON

(1889)

THROW portals wide, and usher in the one,
Who stands today the chosen of our land;
Our country by the bow of promise spanned,
And to the heart's-core warmed by freedom's sun.

And he who occupies the highest place
Has record true; his past will bear the light;
He nobly fought for liberty and right,
And wears a name that time cannot efface.

We yield the homage of our hearts today
To our new President; God nerve his arm,
Bless him, guide him, guard him from all harm,
Unitedly and fervently we pray.

A MELODY

THE orchestra played a magic measure
And the rise and fall of the wonderful strain,
Made my heart beat with a keen-edged pleasure,
That was closely allied to pain.

The weird, sweet melody touched a chord,
Which thrilled responsive beneath the spell;
My eyes met yours, and, without a word,
I knew that you felt it as well.

For a pathos throbbed in every tone,
The while a voice seemed to sob and sigh;
I thought tonight I will be alone,
After our last good-by.

I well knew it was your duty to go,
So there was nothing that I could say;
But I read regret in your eyes, and oh,
How my heart ached that day.

It is not long, yet it seems to me
A weary while since we parted then;
And I often recall that melody,
And wish I could hear it again.

PLATONICS

You say I am false, and you call me unkind,
When I tell you that we can be nothing but
friends.
Oh! know you not friendship is all that we find
That is fervent and constant, and that Heaven
sends?

For love is illusory, romance is perishing;
One or the other, the man or the woman,
Discovers some day that the idol they're cherish-
ing
Proves to be commonplace, faulty and human.

And, oh, the awaking! Far better to be
Friends only, and thus we're preserving the
spell.

It is this that I wish; and can you not see
It is best? So I ask that you will not rebel.

I care for you — yes, far too well to allow
A cold veil of indifference to blot out our past.
So, say we are friends, ere we part; and avow
That you will be true, as I shall, to the last.

ODE TO HAPPINESS

AH! winsome sprite, dost thou elude
The grasp of those that bid thee stay.
So many times they've vainly sued
The boon of thy bright ray.

And if vouchsafed for a brief time,
Too soon thou tak'st thy wingèd flight,
Leaving humanity to repine,
And dwell in sorrow's night.

Thousands go forth upon the quest;
Alas! thou shinest from afar,
And they, pursuing with unrest,
Find thou art like a star.

So beckon on, and let thy light
Shine forth to cheer man's pathway given.
Up, up, we'll look through earthly night,
Thou'rt only found in heaven.

A LAMENT

FAR from the madding crowd,
We two together;
How my heart sang aloud
In summer weather;
Days full of sunshine's gold,
Deep draughts of bliss untold,
Drank we together.

Out on the river sailed
We two together;
Love e'en the sunlight paled,
And like a feather,
My heart rose, as we went
On o'er the smooth current.

Ah me! we sail no more,
We two together;
Those halcyon days are o'er
And balmy weather;

Only love's ghost is here,
And n'er again, my dear,
Sail we together.

Love's ghost sits by my side,
We two together,
Sail o'er the roughening tide
In lowering weather,
Shiveringly I make my moan,
Both love and joy have flown,
We're not together.

SOEUR SERAPHINE

FACE impassive, eyes serene,
Features regularly null,
Ear to worldly music dull,
So you walk, fair Seraphine,

Giving not a lingering look
To the curious passer by,
Not a glance we can descry
That translates an unread book.

'Neath that kerchief's modest fold,
'Neath the cross upon your breast,
Tell me, is there no unrest?
Not a wish that is untold?

Does that heart beat always slow
Under black habiliments?
And in deep-felt innocence,
Gladly earthly joys forego?

Has your wandering fancy seen
No fair mirage of the past?
Days too sweet, too fair to last,
Or a sad "it might have been."

And the future — when you sought
Peace beneath a misty veil,
Naught unworthy could assail,
Not a dragon to be fought.

So you exchanged light and bloom,
Made for our humanity,
Gifts from God's own treasury,
For impenetrable gloom.

Pardon me, ma petite soeur,
This I only say to you,
"Ever to thine heart be true,"
For I would not have you err.

Go your way, from power divine
May you find the peace you seek.
Heal the sick and raise the weak,
For that joy we know is thine.

ANGLICIZED

As we walk along Life's highway,
And survey the wondrous plan,
Quite frequently we chance to meet
With the Anglicized young man;
He's a specimen of "culchaw,"
With the brain not at the root,
Descants he of "dawgs and hosses,"
And he wears a gay-checked suit;
Quite devoted to the "waces,"
Monocled the world doth scan,
Such a model of fine manhood
Is the Anglicized young man.

Then there is the lofty maiden,
Tailor-made, erect and trim.
She gives a stony British stare
From beneath her turban's brim;
At her heels the noble mastiff,
As the maiden walks Broadway
With a stride that's purely English,
You may meet her any day
In the Park on banged-tail trotter,
Coaching, teas — she's in the whirl
Of society's mad maelstrom,
Is the Anglicized young girl.

THE OLD SPINNING-WHEEL

THE fire flickers bright on the hearth-stone,
And the gloaming's mystical gray
Falls softly, as I sit here dreaming
Day-dreams of a far-away day.

'Tis the past claims my thoughts and my fancies,
And I wish that it now could reveal
My grandmother's face, as it used to look,
When she sat at this old spinning-wheel.

The spinning-wheel brought from the attic
' Now stands in the firelight's glow,
And looking at it I can almost discern
A picture of long ago.

A maiden is sitting yonder
In costume so quaint and so gay,
While with dainty foot pressing the treadle
She's trilling a blithesome lay.

And as she holds the spindle,
And the chain of flax grows long,
There's a manly step comes behind her,
But she goes on with her song.

Until fond glances are meeting
Her own that are shyly upturned,
With an ill-disguised love in their greeting,
And which may be quickly discerned.

And now at the altar a bride,
And now in the dear little nest
Of home she walks forth at his side,
By contentment and happiness blest.

'Mid sorrows and troubles that come,
With trust, and unwavering feet
She goes onward, for full well she knows,
The bitter must come with the sweet.

Ah! now she is standing beside me,
Her touch on my hand I feel;
And she says "I am so glad, dearie,
That you treasure my old spinning-wheel."

With a start I awake, and the embers
On the hearth are burning low.
And, on the old spinning-wheel yonder,
The shadows come and go.

THE NEW HOME

Just pause a moment at the open door,
A moment, e'er we pass the threshold o'er;
This is a new domain; what hopes and fears
Pass in with us to meet the coming years.

If it should be our portion to see years,
Instead of days, perchance, what now endears

Our home to us may transitory be,
But that rests with a higher power; may He

Who doeth all things well, let blessings fall
Upon this home; the future we leave all
With him, and we take up our new life
Within these walls with joy and courage rife.

Yes, this is home; no word hath sweeter sound
To human ears; within we look around,
Here Happiness enthronèd sits, and here
Fair Hope and Peace come forth with welcome
cheer.

Shadows must fall we know in coming days;
No life dwells alway in the sunlight's rays.
Sorrow may enter, an unwelcome guest,
But we will trust in God, and leave the rest.

So may it be, dear heart, that we shall know
A little taste of heaven here below;
But if this home be fair to mortal eyes,
Oh! what shall be those "mansions in the skies?"

THE GIPSY'S GREETING

FROM the wildwood's deep recess,
O'er the softly greening sward,
Round the caldron's welcome cheer,
Gather the Nomadic horde.

Voices chant in unison,
Warmest greetings to the clan,
And the echoing woods resound,
For the brotherhood of man.

Hark! that low and weird refrain,
And the shadows come and go,
Weaving hues fantastically,
In the firelight's fitful glow.

Soothing calm's environment,
Bids us leave dull care behind,
Borne to us a joyousness,
With the whispering of the wind.

Moon soft shining in the east,
Shed o'er us thy lambent light,
Stars ábove illumine the scene,
With thy many lamps so bright.

Gazing down the mystic track,
Of the future's dim expanse,
See yon maidens wait to greet,
Each one with an untried lance.

Question now their matchless gift,
They will read thy life for thee,
By the aid of Stars and Cards,
And the art of Palmistry.

Let us from the caldron now,
Drink a health to each and all,
Mysteries of Gipsy lore,
Make the cup symbolical.

Of the Future now we quaff,
Let us thus imbibe in truth,
All the joyousness of life,
Freedom, Hope — perennial Youth.

PLAYMATES

ELIZABETH, Ethel, Gladys, Marie,
Under the shade of the crab-apple tree,
Green boughs o'er-arching and checkered with
blue,
Glimpsing the hue of the sky shining through,
There in the summertide happy and free,
Are Elizabeth, Ethel, Gladys, Marie.

Little feet falling on carpet of green,
Tresses imprisoning 'wilderer sheen
Of the sunlight; and, echoing back on the ear,
Rippling laughter so merry and clear,
Bird songs and murmuring voice of the bee,
For Elizabeth, Ethel, Gladys, Marie.

Wild flowers abloom in the fields all around,
Gathered by little hands, little heads crowned
With nodding white daisies, small queens of the
May,

Gather the beauty and joy of today,
Happier days than these ne'er will you see,
Elizabeth, Ethel, Gladys, Marie.

Under the shade of the crab-apple tree,
Four little maidens have afternoon tea,
While the dollies and pug most demurely behave,
Admitted as guests to this merry conclave,
Dwelling in childhood's fair Arcady,
Are Elizabeth, Ethel, Gladys, Marie.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

FAR from the busy mart the strenuous pace,
Of warring natures, and the wearing strain,
Of daily conflict, from ignoble race,
For fortune and the greedy love of gain,—

Where noise and hurrying feet make clangors
din,
And the brain whirls with the confusion rife,
To Nature's temple garnishèd within,
To pleasant byways and the simple life.

Here rests my heart in soothing quietude,
Let me but breathe this atmosphere of peace,
Naught that is jarring can its face intrude,
In my domain all pressing worries cease.

Bird, flower and greensward each a mission has,
And they are ministering spirits; each bestows
Its quota full of blessing, in these paths,
The trees throw grateful shade, and bending
low,

Murmur a cadence; while beyond the sun,
Bathes all in golden, life-imparting rays,
And Nature's chorus each and every one,
Proclaims the glory of the quiet days.

Not only summer's solstice gives its joy,
But every season has its charm and sway,
And he who delves deep for the bright alloy,
Shall find the many treasures on the way;

With leisure for the best things life can give,
For books and music, life in the open, all
Of freedom's thought, and gaining strength to
live,
Find much in living to enchant — enthrall.

Life at its best, and not the fevered tide,
That sweeps all with it in onrushing strife,
But peace and happiness traveling side by side,
And benedictions of the simple life.

THE AFTERGLOW

THE lingering roseate clouds at day's decline
Upon the western sky, so rich, so bright,
The world transfigures by their beauteous light
And crowns it with a glory half divine.

So when some well-spent life has passed away
It leaves behind it bright-hued memories,
And vanquished by their beauty darkness flies
And leaves a glow of everlasting day.

THE HIGHEST

AIM for the highest, onward to the goal,
Press thy unfaltering feet, nor pause before,
Thou comest to the portals of the door,
That compasseth the treasures of the soul.

Be not content with any but the best,
Nor lower thy standard from its glorious
height,
Toward the zenith see the eagle's flight.
It seeks the highest e'er it finds its rest.

Thine armor thou must ever strongly gird,
Think not the valiant struggle is in vain;
Naught e'er is useless, glorious is the gain,
"To him that overcometh," saith the Word.

AFAR

AFAR we hear the music of the spheres,
But dim and faintly sweet the melody
Falls on the deafening of human ears,
That only hear uncomprehendingly.

Afar we hear the earthly heartbreak cry,
And feel our sympathies alive for pain
That there is in the world, then pass it by,
And seize the joy of living once again.

Afar we cry to Heaven when sorrows sweep
Us with their sable pall; we realize
How vain is earthly aid, so, as we weep,
We look petitioning beyond the skies.

Afar! Afar! O mockery of Afar,
Diminish distance, break the chains of earth,
That drag us down; and rise to meet that star,
That brilliantly betokens a new birth.

Not for the moment but alway to be,
True to ourselves, to each and all to God —
The gift of life to accept thankfully,
And with firm faith "to pass beneath the rod."

THY NAME

FAIR spirit with the calmness on thy brow,
And weariness indwelling thy soft eyes,
Tell us thy name, that we may recognize,
Thee when we meet, we pray, thee, tell it now.

Unwearied vigils, watchfulness, and care,
And ever dwells with thee the selfless thought,
A faithfulness so true, ne'er can be bought
Such treasure; and with it can naught compare.

We saw thee when thy steady watch thou kept,
O'er one who tossed bound in a leash of pain,
And soothing with thy touch, until again
The eyelids closed, and "His beloved slept."

But thou, fair spirit, art thou from above?
Thy form is earthly, yet in thee there lies
A heavenly patience — art thou sacrifice?
Not sacrifice, she murmured softly — love.

FOR THY DEAR SAKE

For thy dear sake I take the burden up,
Naught can allay to me the sense of loss,
And all the things of this world seem but dross,
Without thy presence; yet I drink the cup
For thy dear sake.

Hoping 'gainst hope that thou wilt come again,
And turn my darkness into radiant day,
For all my troubles then would melt away,
And joy uprising take the place of pain.
For thy dear sake.

Memory unstilled assails me day by day,
Once ran our lives in unison, happily,
Ah me! the bliss only to live — to be —
How could I dream that bliss would pass away—
For thy dear sake.

I hope on — blindly, walking in the shade,
Sometime thou must hear this prayer of mine,
Forgive the past, and, with thy love divine,
Crown me the happiest mortal God e'er made.
For thy dear sake.

I live my life and try to make it good,
With no hope of reward I struggle on,
But take no leisure time to dwell upon
The mockery of the past — misunderstood
For thy dear sake.

Love, can'st thou hear me grieving through the
night
O! where art thou? Send me one word to cheer
My solitude — O thou alway most dear,
It's been a long, enduring, patient fight
For thy dear sake.

A CYCLE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

(Written for a Silver Wedding Anniversary)

FROM memory's storehouse treasures bring,
Enhancing joy tonight,
And let sweet-toned bells softly ring,
Over the year's swift flight.

Fond recollection wings its way,
Over life's guiding chart,
Where scintillates a happy day,
When joined were hand and heart.

Cemented by a tie so strong,
No severance it fears,
And lightly bears the burden of
The five and twenty years.

Sunlight and shade those years have known,
But all along the way,
The star of love and trust has shown,
Uplifting by its ray.

Hearth, home, and child are blessings meet,
For earthly sojourn here,
And with a rhythm oft repeat,
Incomparable cheer.

And now a heartfelt toast we raise,
This anniversary night,
May joy betide the coming days,
And make thy future bright.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

DEAR Santa Claus, as you well know,
Christmas steals on apace;
And, benefactor as you are
To all the human race,

We've surely but to ask for what
We want; our faith in you
Is great. We know you won't forget.
How, Santa — just a few

Things that I want. Of course a doll
Or two and books; I've read
All that I have. I love them though;
And then I'd like a sled.

So when the snow is on the ground,
I can go out and play,
Perhaps I'll get a jolly ride
With Nellie and the sleigh.

For Christmas bring another horse,
There's nothing I like better;
A brass drum and fine tin horn —
This may be a long letter.

But I should like a dolly's bed,
And, oh! a Christmas tree,
All lighted up with candles bright
And glittering beautifully.

And candy — for I'm very fond
Of sweets, as you may guess;
A stomach ache they give me, too,
I might as well confess.

There's other things I'd like, but will
Not ask for more, because
I think that's plenty for this time;
Good by, dear Santa Claus.
"A HOLIDAY GIRL"

TO MY MOTHER ON HER
EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

ADOWN the path of many years,
Life's lights and shadows lie,
And memory but to thee endears,
The days that are gone by.

Filled full, as all our days must be,
With joys and sorrows too,
But let us hope the joys with thee,
Have far outweighed the rue.

And, looking back, the blessings fall,
And sunshine's warming rays,
And happily to thee recall
The pleasurable days.

Banish the sadness, dwelling too
Upon those days well spent,
And thy reply to sufferings call
Thy feet in mercy bent.

Where pain and grief seemed conquerors,
Thy soothing touch was given,
And human link of sisterhood,
Was thus more firmly riven.

And now the cup of "Auld Lang Syne"
We'll quaff: — and here's to thee,
May many birthdays more be thine,
Health and serenity.

RETROSPECT

LIFE's lessons have been learned, I've conned
them o'er,
Until my years now number full fourscore;
At first, impatient of my tasks, I spent
My time bemoaning their accomplishment.

They have been hard, God only knows the pain
Of mastering them, the loss weighed with the
gain;
Now I have learned them well, found that they
give
The knowledge that enables us to live.

Stilled is the anguish that once cried aloud,
The silver lining shines beneath the cloud;
And passing on I, in that brighter sphere,
Shall win the crown for which I've striven here

THE AWAKENING

WAVES of light and shadow,
Over the wind-swept plain,
Then the beating of raindrops,
Suddenly ceasing again.

Torrid gleams of sunshine,
Upspringing, greening grass,
Then comes the tender budding,
Nipped by the frost, alas!

Each day earth grows warmer,
The sky a deeper blue,
Each day more buds than blossoms,
Everything fresh and new.

Chorus of glad bird-voices,
Bluebird, robin and wren,
And others, all singing gaily,
In clear harmonious paeon.

Dandelions gay dot the meadows,
With a plentiful golden shower,
Tulips, crocus and cowslip,
All contribute their dower.

Carried about by the south wind,
Is the scent of lilac bloom,
Sweetness, and light, and beauty,
Banish the cold and gloom.

Rivers and brooks unchained,
Merrily gurgle along,
Freed from a mighty tyrant,
Released from an icy thong.

Singing, "We too, contribute
Musical hymn of praise,"
Thankful for broken fetters,
Glad of the coming days.

Louder the jubilant chorus,
Longer the hours of light,
Brighter the hues of sunset,
Velvet the breeze of night.

Nature's eyes are opening,
With many a smile and tear,
For the long deep sleep is over,
And lo! the spring is here.

SNOW BIRDS

SMALL footprints, lingering on my window sill,
A flutter and a twittering among
The naked branches of the tree, until
I almost fancy I can hear a song.

Not quite a song; but gurgling little notes,
That fill the frosty air with cheerfulness,
Out swelling of the pretty little throats
And ruffling of the dainty quaker dress.

They shyly come to take the crumbs I spread,
The keen eyes glancing 'round with alarm,
Then, finding naught to cause them fear or dread
They take my bounty, feeling free from harm.

Their bright eyes look upon my window pane,
They twitter, and I almost hear them say,
"Do not forget the crumbs, we'll come again,
Good by — good by, we'll have more snow
today."

WINTER

I SEE a figure coming o'er the wold,
And with its nearer coming, swift and bold,
All nature pales and shivers with the cold.

It brings fierce wind and snow within its train,
It says, "I come among you once again,
Holding a benison not untouched by pain."

For mortals, pain, with thought of vanished
hours,
That passed so swiftly in those sunny bowers,
All softly lined and beautiful with flowers,

Of joy that here new beauty glows and gleams,
And all the fair redundancy of dreams,
Surpassed by finer visions, fairer scenes.

A glimmering, glittering world, untarnished
Filled with calm beauty and unteneted
By voice or jar; and vividly the red

Of westering sun across the snowy sweep,
Illuminates with glory, and the deep
Stillness of nature in its beauteous sleep.

Unbroken slumber till the lengthening
Of days and advent of the bird choir bring
Announcement of the coming of the Spring.

RETURN OF THE BIRDS

FOR many months far off in southern climes,
Have rung the cadences we dearly love
While balmy air and orange-scented grove
Have kept the songsters at those fragrant shrines.

Today, with close of winter's long, hard reign,
A sound of dulcet music smites the ear,
And warblings and echoes high and clear,
Proclaim that Spring is with us once again.

IN MEMORIÂM (MOTHER)

AFTER long span of years the final rest,—
So short they seemed, those years that were
well spent,
Love, duty — these the watchwords were that
lent

Wings to those years and made them seem so
blest.

A life that never nursed a selfish thought,
A life all rounded with a noble aim,
To do its best, and alway with the same
Steadfastness of its purpose finely wrought.

The checkered lights of joys and sorrows lay
Upon the road: and over the decades,
Now one; and now the other rises — fades,
But ever Hope's sweet angel points the way.

So many dear ones have "passed on before,"
So many dear ones in that other land,
Those loved by thee — a bright and happy
band
Have met and welcomed thee at Heaven's door.

We miss thee with the passing of the hours,
The seasons as they come and go; the Spring
That thou didst love will ever seem to bring
Thy presence near us; and the summer flowers

Will bear a message to us as from thee,
For thou did'st dearly love them, each and all,
Their fragrance and their beauty will recall
To us thy ever blessed memory.

A mother's love, unfathomable, wide,
We feel it with us though thou't gone away,
Its influence round us always till that day
When we shall meet beyond life's stormy tide.

GATES AJAR

I saw great pillars red, and blue and gold,
Symmetrically rise, and grand and bold
Stand out against a background pearly white,
As if an angel's wings just hovered o'er
The entrance opened by a golden door,
And touched it softly with a heavenly light.

ON THE SHREWSBURY

OVER the waters on we glide,
Borne along by the rising tide,
Over the waters dark and wide,
On and on go we.

Musical dip and rhythm of oar,
Breaks on the stillness, and before
Sounds in our ears the deepening roar
Of the ever restless sea.

Naught between but a belt of sand,
Dividing ocean and river, and
Over it salt-laden breezes fanned
By Neptune's mighty power.

With the flow of the water rose and sank
Fair undulations of river bank
Bordered by mosses and grasses dank,
And the gathering twilight hour;

Falls on the spirit, bringing peace
From the world's alarms, and a calm surcease
Of turbulence — as a great release
From all that is strenuous.

The magic of twilight, the stillness supreme,
And in the dark water the beautiful gleam,
That falls from the oar as it turns in the stream
Of the wonderful phosphorus.

All is limned on bright pages of value untold,
Fair portraits with framing of silver and gold,
Which memory's storehouse to us can unfold
Those portraits surpassing all art.

For they hold the imprint of by-gone happy
times,
When we saw fairest visions and listened to
chimes,
That appealed to our senses like sweet-sounding
rhymes,
And filled with contentment the heart

THE THRUSH

FROM out the wooded depth there comes a note,
Long drawn, and sweet, and clear, it seems to
float
Along with soft cool prescience of delight.

It rises, falls, and rises once again,
As if with its deliverance it would fain
Carry the listener with it in its flight.

Into the blue ether on it goes,
Weighted with joy and pathos as it rose,
Then comes the interlude of solemn hush,

Followed by faint afar prolonged strain,
Nearer and nearer, gladdening again
The waiting ear with music of the thrush.

TO GLADYS

INTO the world there came one day
With a form of earthly guise
A spirit right from Heaven above
With a questioning in its eyes.

We said, "Dear little one, welcome here
Within our arms' soft fold,"
And kept our treasure, valuing it
More precious than jewels or gold.

Love without stint has there for thee been
My darling — for fairer gem
No mortal owns, not even a queen
And not a diadem

Is set with more priceless ornament
Than our home now crowned by thee,
A precious gift from the Father sent
And one that we thankfully

Accept, with a prayer that thy life, dear one,—
May with blessings be circled round,
And that the golden rays of the sun
May ever by thee be found.

Though the winds blow chill and some clouds
arise,
May they only a shadow throw,
That shall be dispelled by the roseate skies
And scarce trouble the ebb and flow

Of thy life; as the path that thy feet must tread
Is presented from day to day,
And the loving, watchful hand of God
Shall always point out the way.

HUNTING SONG

THE horn sounds over the bracken,
Up, up at the dawn of day,
Now saddle and bridle our horses,
'Tis off — 'tis off and away.

Away in the freshness of morning,
We follow the hounds' keen scent;
And we fly along with jest and song,
To betoken our merriment.

The wild free wind is blowing,
And nothing can block our course,
Our hearts beat high 'neath the Autumn sky,
And Centaur, like man and horse,

Vaults o'er the fields and fences —
Courage: the goal is won;
To none we yield — but ahead of the field
And the brush when the day is done.

TING-A-LING-A-LING

"A Long-distance Cry"

Not claiming yet to be a saint,
'Tis wearily I make my plaint.

Quite "up to date" I choose to be,
And so embrace "new things" you see.

"Conveniences" fill my abode
And lighten many a weary load.

Yet Hydra-headed prove to be,
And oft a huge monstrosity.

'Gainst one of these I lift my moan:
The ever-present telephone.

'Midst calm repose and soothing quiet,
After a day of din and riot

Comes ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
And frantically repeats the ring.

"Hello!" "Hello!" "What's that you say?"
"Don't know one by that name!" "What?"
"Eh?"

"Not Bryant,— Brown."—"Now who are
you?"
"Can't hear a word. Well, are you through?"

(From Central) "No; just hold the wire,"
"What! I'm a most infernal liar!

Some other man is cutting in,
And swearing — really 'tis a sin.

"Who is this talking? Colonel Pine,"
"Don't know him; you're on the wrong line."

"What is this number; tell me please"—
Buz-z-z-z — hear this thing wheeze.

"Well then try sixty-two — don't care."
Returning to my easy chair,

I fall, exhausted,— ting-a-ling,
Again rings out that fiendish thing.

“Well, Kitty Brown, how do you do?
Guess who this is,— I’ll give you two.”

“Yes, that is right, your dear friend, Nance;
I haven’t seen you since the dance.

“Will Lewis took me home last night,
And kissed me, too, yes, honor bright.

“It’s time I think the dear boy popped
The question,— ma says — ‘must be stopped.’

“What? you are tired; well, I’m most through,
I’m sure I’d do the same for you.

“Now *wait* a minute,”— ting-a-ling,
“You know I tell you everything.”

“Oh, no one hears us; I should die
If anyone — oh, well — good by.”

Methought now this time I will beat
A hasty, desperate retreat,

But ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
Arrested my swift vanishing.

"Is this Miss Brown?" Ah! yes, 'twas I —
Should I affirm or just deny?

I courage gained; insistent came
The question, "Say — is that your name?"

"Is this Miss Brown?" again, she said,
"No" — I replied, "Miss Brown is dead."

THE TRYST

In the old days when twilight fell,
And little twinkling stars
Came through the canopy of Heaven,
I met you at the bars.

The summer wind was soft and sweet,
The flowers around us grew,
And I would climb the old rail fence
And wait, my love, for you.

The sunset glow burned in the west,
And suddenly a bird
Chirped a good night, and 'cross the fields
The Angelus was heard.

I thought no fairer scene could be,
But when at length you came,
The scene was fairer still to me,
My heart leaped into flame.

U O F M

O time! — O space! — O lagging hours!
That 'twixt my love and me
Stretch out interminable length,
Wide-spreading as the sea.

I sent a message to you dear
By Cupid's messenger,
This heart of mine, so fond and true
I gave to him to bear.

Tonight I'll be at the old place,
And underneath the stars,
I pray you'll come to me and find
Me waiting at the bars.

TO MY LOVE

The dawning of the springtime,
The songsters warble clear,
The magic of a heartfelt rhyme,
All that is sweet and dear,
Makes this a fair abiding place
Because reflected in thy face.

TO GLADYS

My daughter; my own daughter; thy small feet,
Have walked along the road a little way,
And only flowers have strewn their blossoms
sweet,
To make the joy of thy life's holiday.

Naught can take from thee childhood's happy
time,

Among the flowers the thorns may sometimes
spring,

But in the storm remember the sunshine
And cherish not the thorns' advertent sting.

I would that I could ever by thy side
Dwell in the joy of thy deep happiness,
But yet the passing years may us divide,
And I shall not be then to guide and bless.

Yet, if God will it, distant is the day;
When we will separated be, for oh!
To part with thee and be so far away,
It seems to me I could not bear it so.

IN DREAMS

I NE'ER again shall look upon thy face,
Ne'er hear the music of thy voice and feel
Upon my lips thy kisses sweet and warm,
Or magic of thy presence o'er me steal.

But when I slumber, woo, there comes to me,
What to me waking alway is denied,
A vision of thy face — I seem to see,
And happily I linger at thy side.

Dreams, dreams, ye transient, evanescent
things,

Of what are ye composed? Perhaps thou art
By that far world of spirits sent; it brings
The mystic world close to the mind and heart.

GOD'S GLORY

*"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the
firmament showeth His handiwork."*

Psalm 19, 1.

God's glory: aye, as far as eye can reach,
The multitudinous stars with glimmering light,
Begem the firmament; 'tis thus that night
Showeth God's glory, far beyond all speech.

By day, by night — portrays the wondrous dome
Omnipotence, — a testimony given,
To light the way and lead us up to Heaven.
Inspiring Faith to aid us reach our home.

A GREETING

APPROACHING with a peal of bells,
Comes Christmas, and the gladsome sound
Is caught and echoes through the world,—
Another year has rolled around.

A wish: May this Yuletide for thee
Dawn with a glowing, merry cheer,
And may the following days be bright
And bring a happy, glad New Year.

THE CITY

THE crowded thoroughfare, the 'wildering maze,
Of jostling throngs that line the noisy ways,
The mingled sounds that cause the steady beat,
And loud reverberations of the street.

And yet to one accustomed to it all,
The city has a loud, a potent call;
Sounds that are rural seem unmusical,
Filled with a measure unattuned and dull.

At night along the wonderful "white way"
The brilliancy surpasses that of day,
And the innumerable mellow lights that gleam,
Make all as fair, as filled, Alladin's dream

THE COUNTRY

Now "near to Nature's heart" we turn our feet,
And wander forth in byways pure and sweet
Here we commune with God and here we see
The evidences of His majesty.

The mountains' grandeur, the pure atmosphere
Seems far above the world, remote and clear,
And wonderingly we look upon the sea
And feel its charm and its immensity.

By night the starlit dome above us bends,
And to the scene the moon her beauty lends,
No rude disturbing element intrudes,
There is a charm in all of Nature's moods.

A LETTER TO BE OPENED AT SEA

I'm thinking of thee, dear one, of thee,
Cans't feel the thought telepathy?
May skies serene o'erarch thy way,
And joy betide thee day by day.
Over the ocean the good ship sails,
Carried we trust by favoring gales,
And the beauty and riches beyond the sea
Unfold in their prodigality,
Storing heart and brain with a cogent sense
Of grandeur and magnificence,
But as leaves are turned of the Old World's
Tome,

Give a thought between to the friends at home.
Thus flowers are pressed 'tween pages bright
Like memory's flowers; and will thou indite
A message to those in friendship's chain,
Who will welcome thee at home again?
For thy pleasure and safe return, I send
This fervent wish from thy loving friend.

WHEN LOVE IS AT THE HELM

THE sky is blue,
The hearts are true,
 Storms cannot overwhelm,
As o'er the tide
We gayly ride,
 When love is at the helm.
When love is at the helm, my dear,
 When love is at the helm,
There's nothing makes the heart to fear
 When love is at the helm.

To a magic rune,
By the light of the moon,
 We will seek a beautiful realm,
And happily float,
In our fairy boat,
 When love is at the helm,
When love is at the helm, dear one,
 When love is at the helm,
Our lives will pass in unison,
 When love is at the helm.

CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE

THEY rise so fair, those castles,
So lofty, great and grand,
I see them in their beauty
Fresh from the builder's hand.

The turrets are all gilded,
The domes magnificent,
And flags are flying gaily,
From every battlement.

And music fills the silence,
Festivity the hall,
And everywhere the ready feet
In dancing figures fall.

And I among the number
Tread many a measure there,
And gather round the festive board,
And quaff the cup of cheer.

Good-will and ringing laughter,
Fraternity of hand,
Naught that is melancholy,
Shall chill that merry band.

Bid me not leave my castles,
My happiness is there,
Oh, call them not illusions,
Or castles in the air.

Bid me not wake from dreaming,
Bid me not have them razed,
For in them dwells contentment
And happiest of days.

•

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

THOU tiny bird on swiftly moving wing,
An iridescent atom, vanishing
Ere one can gaze upon thee, pretty thing.

With whir and hum in summer's sunny hour
Thou comest to my honeysuckle bower,
Darting with gayety from flower to flower.

So sweet the draught, a transport, a delight
Is thine, and yet, in seeming swift affright
Thou vanisheth, thou fascinating wight

HEIMWEH

THESE brilliant ways are not marked out for me,
The limelight seems to me forever dim,
With all that makes a desert spot wherein
The feet must follow all unwillingly,

And to my eyes the longing tear-drops start,
I seem a stranger, wandering, far from home,
Amid the spacious halls I walk alone,
And seem as one secluded and apart.

So to my own dear country take me back,
There is a joy within the humblest sphere
If home and love and hearts are gathered
there,
It is enough for me,—I shall not lack.

TO ——— ON HER BIRTHDAY

BRIGHT flowers line your path today,
Sunlight throws its beams;
Gather roses while you may,
May your happy dreams
Be fulfilled—the future hold
Cup with joy o'erbrimmed,
And the page of life unfold,
Beauty all undimmed.

TO GLADYS GATHERING ROSES

GATHERING roses rich and rare,
Little hands of perfect mould,
And the glint of sunlights gold,
Dwells within thy silken hair,
You, the little rosebud queen,
Sweet as are the flowers, I ween.

TO —

Not many moons ago into my life,
Entered a spirit, radiating light,
Telling the flowers a sweeter fashioning,
Teaching the birds to sing their songs aright.
It was a spirit, yet of earth a part,
Even it finds a place within my heart.

SLUMBERLAND RIVER

THE Slumberland river is not very long,
Now launched on its surface the craft gently
glides,
O'er bluest of billows, the smoothest of tides,
It floats on and on in the wake of a song
Hush-a-bye-hush.

There's a golden head lying on a pillow of down,
A voice sweetly murmurs, "Mamma dear
good night,"
The day is succeeded by purple twilight,
And the boat has already passed by "Sleepy
Town."

Hush-a-bye-hush.

Oh, Slumberland river is peaceful and fair,
No waves will arise to cause sudden alarm,
No chilly winds blow, but protected and
warm

The passenger sails with a freedom from care.
Hush-a-bye-hush.

Now the journey is ended, the boat is made fast,
On that beautiful isle where the soft breezes
 blow,
The river glides on in its musical flow,
And the dear little traveler is anchored at last
 Hush-a-bye-hush.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

In blossom time you went away,
And all the lengthening hours that day
To evening sadly, slowly wore,
All had been joyful hours before.

And round, rich creamy masses hung,
Like coverlet that had been flung
O'er all the greening breast of earth,
Or like a christening robe at birth

Of summer; and the purity,
And fragrance came appealingly,
And strove their best to make me glad,
But contrast only made me sad.

Now blossom time again is here,
And fringing roadside, path, and mere,
Hang snowy clusters; and to me
Comes the old joy and radiancy.

For down the blossom-bordered way,
I saw you pass this fair spring day,
You came my life to crown and bless,
And filled it full of happiness.

HOME LINKS

THERE are three golden links so firmly riven,
May God within His care keep them away,
Wrought upon earth and reaching far to heaven
Safe in the light of everlasting day.

MIRAGE

O'ER the lone desert not a living thing,
Greets the strained eye, the arid atmosphere
Is tense and suffocating,—bring, O bring
To parchèd lips the water pure and clear.

Here all is desolation; mark the sweep,
Of the wide waste of sand, the yellow glow
That fills the void around, and the low, deep
Murmur as of an ocean's ebb and flow.

On, ever on, tho' strength and will grow weak,
And still more feeble the despairing cry
On the mute silence falls, "Oh, do not wreak
Thy vengeance for my sins, but mercifully

"Send me thy succor; hear O God, my prayer,
A miracle I pray, but yet a sign
That I with gratitude may witness bear,
Of thy great wondrous power and love divine.

"Ah, yes, the answering light now in the east,
I see it — streams of water flowing there,
And life, renewing life for man and beast,
Is near at hand in answer to my prayer."

Woe, woe, it fades 'twas but a mockery;
It fades and leaves the burning yellow sand,
I faint, I die, and nearer—steadily
Comes the Simoon by fearful frenzy fanned.

On, yet its gone, and going, touched me not,
What is it that I feel—it softly came,
To cool the awful fever of my brow.
And bring me dearest hope and life again.

'Tis fragrant dew from heaven's copious store,
A shower which drinking in both man and
horse
Revivifying strength now feel once more,
And onward go to praise the hidden source.

ROSES OR RUE

In the coming days which shall it be,
Roses for you and rue for me?
Or rue for your portion; roses my share,
As we parted last night by the great hall stair,

With mutual consent since you deemed it wise
I looked within your upturned eyes,
And wondered then; did I read aright,
If I saw there more than just "good-night?"

You said farewell, so our lives divide,
And separate by the restless tide,
Only a memory to me will cling,
Only a face it will always bring.

And the hope that some day we may meet again,
Will ease my heart of its loss and pain,
And I shall be thinking of you — of you,
Roses or rue, dear, roses or rue.

BEACON LIGHTS

FAR across the waste of waters,
With their countless flecks of foam,
We may see tho' shining dimly,
Beckoning beacon lights of home.

Gayly start we on our journey,
O'er the broad and untried way,
Of life's great and changeful ocean,
All the glorious light of day.

Clings about our ship's new timbers
Sunlight streaming glad and free,
Glistens in the swelling canvas
White wings through infinity.

Onward fly, but tarnished, tattered
Grow they, while in helplessness,
Struggle we toward the harbor,
While our hopes grow less and less.

Bow of promise in the heavens,
Golden beams of setting sun,
All proclaim we'll anchor safely
Beacon lights of home are won.

WITHIN

WITHIN the petals of a flower,
The fragrance lies imprisonèd,
And thus in many a careless hour,
We miss the treasure safely hid.

Again we take the floweret up,
Revealèd to our waking sense,
We find the honey in the cup
And feel its sweet omnipotence.

THOU ART TO ME

THOU art to me as flowers to sense, and sight
As the glad sunlight flushing all the sky,
As the calm beauty of the moon-washed night,
Or as the Spring-time when it draweth nigh.

To me thou art the cadence of a song,
A wordless song, since naught can it express,
And yet melodiously clear and strong,
Within my heart it sings its loveliness.

Thou art to me as all things rich and rare,
Filling the vision with a vague delight,
And ever can I see thine image there,
Dispelling gloom and causing keen delight.

TO TERPSICHORE

THE very poetry of motion:
The rhythmic beat of evolution;
The wide expanse of polished floor,
There reigns the goddess, Terpsichore.

Across the mirrored-like expanse,
Exhilaration of the dance
And to the music's gayest score
Move devotees of Terpsichore.

Hearts beating high, and brightening eyes,
Betray the charms that exorcise
Spirits malign; they fly before
The magic wand of Terpsichore,

And their successors buoyantly
Proclaim joy's Open Sesame,
And chant the praises, o'er and o'er,
Of the fair goddess, Terpsichore.

NIGHTINGALE

In the hush of night,
When the moon doth pale,
And the white clouds sail
On like wings of white,
On the south winds' sigh
Hear the wonderful note
From a golden throat
As it floateth by:
It is here — it is there,
Oh, the beauty — how strong,
Is the nightingale's song,
Like a fervent prayer.

FROM MY WINDOW

Not comparable to those stupendous heights,
Which travelers gaze upon with awe supreme,
These hills; yet crowned with ever-varying lights
Of changing seasons, and they always seem

To bear a message to me as I gaze
From out my window; sometimes they are
green
With Spring's fresh verdure, hope, awaking days,
Dispelling cold and frost; 'tis thus we deem

Life well worth living, merging gently from
The lovely promise to fruition, fair
The golden summer days, narcotic hum
Of myriad wingèd insects fills the air.

And beauteous are the hills in emerald garb,
The sun declining, outlines every crest
With gold, and a kaleidoscope superb
He grants the vision e'er he goes to rest.

But now autumnal glory crowns the hills,
And bright prismatic hues all softly blent
Enfold them, and admiring vision fills,
Bringing calm satisfaction and content.